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"STRANGE FISH."

BY J. FREDERIC THORNE.

"HELLO, Frank, you're just the fellow I want to see! Will you come for a sail?"

"Yes; certainly."

"All right. I will go down and get the Seagull ready."

Frank Haughton and his chum Walter Laurence were skillful sailors, and had spent many an hour in Walter's little sloop Seagull, sailing around the bay, even, at times, going as far as "the Hook." It was a bright, beautiful morning, in the summer of 1775, that these two boys of Elizabethport, N. J., started upon their sail.

Walter hoisted the jib and fastened the halyard just as Frank pulled the anchor inboard; then, as the head of the boat swung around into the wind, both boys grasped the mainsail halyards and soon had the sail spread to the wind.

The sails bellied out, and, with Walter at the helm and Frank tending the sheets, the Seagull heeled over under the strong breeze and went skimming along, speedily emerging from Raritan bay and rounding the upper end of Staten Island. The boys then came about and pointed for the Narrows.

"Let's run down to the Hook."

"All right; we've got plenty of time, and this is a splendid breeze; 'twon't take us more than about two hours, going at this rate."

"We may see some British ships."

"We may, but I hardly think it is likely -- none have been reported. George Trevers, whose father, you know, is one of the committee of safety, told me that his father said at dinner last night that nothing had been seen or heard of any British ships for some time."

"I'd like to see one, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes; unless they capture us!"

"Why should they do that?"

"They might try to find out something about the continentals from us."

"Well, they wouldn't learn anything from me. I'd let 'em cut off my head first."

"They would have a hard time making me tell anything."

The boys continued discussing what they would and would not do in the event of their being taken prisoners by the British. Meanwhile the Seagull, which the boys declared was the fastest boat in New York harbor, was making good use of her wings, and showing that she deserved their boast. They had passed through the Narrows, and were rapidly nearing Sandy Hook.

"I hear that George has got a new—Look there! A British ship!"

"Where?"

"Over there."

"Sure enough!"

"I wonder if she's a man-of-war?"

"I don't think so; she doesn't look like one to me."

"She's taking in sail."

"There goes her anchor."

"Let's run down close enough to see what she is."

"All right."

A turn of the tiller, and the nose of the Seagull was pointed in toward the Jersey shore, where a large, square-rigged ship, flying the easily recognizable "Union Jack" of England, was anchoring.

The boys ran up quite close, and soon saw that she was not a man-of-war. As they came near they were hailed by a sailor:

"Boat ahoy!"

"Ahoy!"

"Come up alongside."

"What do you think, Frank—shall we?"

"Yes, we might as well. I don't think they will touch us."

The boys accordingly sailed up near the ship, and dropped their mainsail.

This time an officer leaned over the side and asked:

"Where are you from?"

"Elizabethport, sir."

"Where is that?"

"In New Jersey."

"Near New York?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are those rebels whipped yet?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Gov. Sir Henry Clinton is in New York, is he not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you deliver a letter to him for me?"

There was a moment's hesitation upon the part of Walter, who was acting as spokesman, and then he answered:

"Yes, sir; I'll take it."

"Thank you, my boys. He will be very glad to get it, as he's fond of a good dinner. Here it is—catch it!"

The officer threw down a sealed letter, which Walter deftly caught.

"Now, don't lose it."

"We'll be very careful, sir."

The boys hoisted their sail again and put about, returning the officer's wave of the hand.

Neither spoke until they were quite some distance from the ship. Then Walter, taking the letter from his pocket, where he had placed it, turned it over and reread the superscription:

"To Gen. Sir Henry Clinton,
"Governor, etc., of New York
"In the American Colonies."

"Frank, I'll wager you anything that that is a provision ship for the British troops!"

"What makes you think so?"

"Didn't you hear that officer say that Gov. Clinton would be glad to get this, as he liked a good dinner?"

"Yes."

"Well, he wouldn't be likely to accept an invitation to dine on an ordinary ship, way down at the Hook, at that, would he?"

"No; I shouldn't think so."

"Of course not; and I tell you it is a provision ship."

"I shouldn't wonder but that you are right."

"Well, Gov. Clinton will have to wait some time before he eats anything from that ship! I'm going to give this letter to the committee of safety!"

"That's right! We're not tories, to be doing anything to help our country's enemies!"

"No, indeed, we're not!"

"Maybe the committee will send some men to capture the ship."

"My! but that would be great! They could do it. I didn't see any cannon, did you?"

"No."

"We want to get back home just as fast as we can and tell the committee!"

"Well, the Seagull can get there quicker than anything else I know of."

"Right you are! Pull in that mains'l-sheet; we can go several points closer to the wind."

Frank did as directed, and the little boat buried her scuppers in the water, and fairly flew along.

The boys were almost too excited to talk, and as soon as they dropped anchor again at their mooring place, they hurried ashore and started on a run for the town to inform the committee of safety of their discovery and the letter.

Almost the first man they met was Mr. Trevers.

"Oh, Mr. Trevers! there's a British provision ship down at the Hook!"

"What's that?"

"A British ship down by the Hook, and we think she's loaded with provisions for the British. The officer gave us a letter for Gov. Clinton, and asked us to take it to him. We took it, and here it is!"

"Slowly, slowly, boys. I can't understand you when you talk at such a pace. Did you say you had a letter that is addressed to Gov. Clinton, of New York?"

"Yes, sir—here it is!"

"How did you come to get it?"

"Frank and I took a sail down the Hook this morning, and saw the ship; and the officer gave it to us—the letter, I mean; and we think it's a provision ship, because he said Gov. Clinton would be glad to get it, as he liked a good dinner."

"It's not a war ship, anyway."

Mr. Trevers finally managed to get the boys to give a lucid account of their adventure, which they wound up with:

"And then we came for home as fast as the Seagull could go!"

"That's right, my boys. You are bright lads, and have done just right. This may be of importance to us. Go up to the hall and wait for me; I will notify the rest of the committee. I want them to hear your story."

Within the hour the committee of safety had assembled. The boys repeated their story, and then the letter which had been given them by the officer was read. It ran as follows:

"On Board of His Majesty's Transport
"Ship, the Deerhound.
Sandy Hook, July —, 1775.

"To Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, Commander of His Majesty's Troops in America, and Governor of New York:

"Sir—I have the honor to inform you that I have arrived in the harbor with a cargo of provisions for the troops under your command, and also some choice delicacies and wine for your own table.

"I am at anchor near Sandy Hook, and respectfully await your commands.

"I am, sir, most respectfully, your obedient and humble servant,
"GEOFFREY HENDERSON,
"Commander of the Deerhound."

The boys galnced proudly at each other to see their suspicions verified.

"Did she carry any cannon?"

"Not that we could see."

"Were there many men on board?"

"We only saw the sailors who were furling the sails, and the man and the officer who spoke to us. We think, sir, if you will pardon our boldness, that she could easily be captured."

"The boy is right."

"We will do it."

The boys were questioned closely upon all they had seen, and then the committee held a long consultation as to the plan to be pursued to capture the ship, thus adding to their own stores and crippling the enemy.

The British had found it necessary to send provisions across the sea to their troops in America, as, not only were supplies scarce in the colonies, but the patriots destroyed whatever they could not use themselves that was likely to fall into the enemy's hands. At this time food was at a premium with both the Americans and the British, and the provisions aboard the Deerhound would be as grateful an addition to the patriots' store, as it would be a severe loss to the British. So these patriots of Elizabethport were more than willing to take the risk in order to capture the supplies. To fight, men must eat, and, as they ate that they might fight, so they often fought that they might eat.

That afternoon four large boats put out from Elizabethport, each manned by two rowers, who, apparently, were fishermen. But a search under the hatches would have shown each boat to be loaded with men—patriots, who were all heavily armed with muskets, swords and pistols. Among them, in the leading boat, crouched Frank and Walter. They had been taken along upon their earnest solicitation, representing that they were needed to show where the British ship lay. But they determined earlier in the day to do more than act as pilots.

"I'm not going to be left out of the fighting if I can help it, are you?" said Walter.

"Not much; but I'm afraid they won't let us have any arms."

"We'll get some for ourselves, and not let them know it until we get there."

"Where can we get any?"

"I saw a lot of them when we were at the hall. They won't all be used. We can get some without their seeing us, I think."

"Come on."

The two boys were favored by chance, as no one was at the hall when they reached there, nearly everyone in the town being down at the beach watching the preparations for the expedition. They secured a cutlass and pistol apiece, with ammunition. Then came the question how to conceal the weapons. It was easy enough with the pistols, but with the swords it was a much more difficult matter. Finally they concluded to put them inside their shirts and down the legs of their breeches. This made walking rather awkward, but the boys hoped to escape detection, and in the excitement of the preparations they did so. As they lay in the dark hatchway they fairly trembled with suppressed excitement, and in fact, the older members of the little band were not too self-possessed.

It was nearly dusk when a sailor on board the Deerhound sang out:

"Four boats on the sta'board bow, sir!"

"What are they?"

"Look like fishing craft, sir."

"Many men?"

"Two in each boat, sir."

"How are they headed?"

"This way, sir."

"Good! Hail them when they are near enough, and tell them to come alongside. I'd not mind a mess of fresh fish."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The four boats drew slowly nearer, and, upon being hailed by the sailor, they ranged along the side of the ship.

The officer before mentioned hailed the man at the bow-oar of the leading boat with:

"What have you there, my man?"

"Strange fish for you, sir."

"What's that?"

"Fresh fish, sir."

"Send some on board."

"I will that, sir—more than you'll like."

"What say you?"

"I'll send as many as you want, sir."

"All right; send them along."

The supposed fisherman then turned unnecessarily loud:

"Get out the fish!"

This was the agreed signal, and the words had no sooner left his lips than the hatches were burst open and the armed Americans swarmed up the sides of the ship.

Capt. Henderson had given a surprised shout at this catch of what were indeed "strange fish," and they were far "more than he liked."

His shout and the sight of the climbing Americans aroused the crew of the Deerhound. They sprang for their arms, and, what was not an altogether pleasant surprise to the Americans, were joined by a company of soldiers, who came pouring up from below, guns in hand. This put the numbers in favor of the British, but the Americans hesitated not a moment.

Frank had sprung for and grasped the anchor-chain, up which he went, followed by Walter, their swords between their teeth, and the pistols stuck in their waistbands. As Frank leaped down from the bulwarks his foot caught, and he fell headlong on the deck. One of the soldiers sprang forward, and in another moment would have run him through with his bayonet, but Walter was right behind his chum. He had one leg over the side of the ship, when he saw the soldier spring at Frank. Walter whipped the pistol out, and, hardly waiting to aim, fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing the man fall when he was within a foot of Frank. Frank was on his feet again in a minute; he grasped his friend's hand for a second, without speaking, and then the two boys dashed into the fray. In a few minutes from the first shout, the deck of the ship was the scene of a hot and fierce fight.

The Americans were forward, led by Mr. Trevers, while the British sailors and soldiers were massed just abaft the mainmast. There was not much time for any formation, as the fight began when the first American put his foot on deck. It was shoot, cut, slash and stumble. Back and forth across the deck raged the conflict; at one time it seemed as though the Americans would be driven back to their boats, but they were rallied by the cry of: "Remember Lexington!"

From then on the British were driven slowly but surely back. The two boys played their parts manfully, more than once saving each other's life.

The conflict, though sharp, was short; there was a final rush on the part of the Americans, and then, less than half an hour from the time the first shot was fired, the Americans were in full possession of the ship, with the defeated British prisoners. They had been taken completely by surprise, and lost nearly 30 men, while the American loss was but four killed and half-a-dozen wounded. The captors manned the Deerhound and sailed her up to Elizabethport, where her cargo was landed amid the cheers of the whole town, who crowded the shore.

Frank and Walter were the heroes of the day, and the objects of envy of every other boy in town.

So Gov. Clinton was deprived of some good dinners by two boys, and it became a catch word in Elizabethport, when asked what one had, to reply: "Strange fish!" — Leslie's Popular Monthly.

His Rank.

"Didn't I hear that man address you as colonel?" said Mrs. Whiffett to Tired Traddles, as she gave him some cold victuals.

"Yes'm."

"You don't belong to the army?"

"Yes'm."

"Not to the United States regular army, surely?"

"No'm."

"It can't be that you belong to the Salvation Army?"

"No'm."

"Then what army are you colonel in?"

"The army of the unemployed mum."—Chicago Tribune.

JOPKINS' MISTAKE.

Cost Him a New Dress and a Pretty Bonnet.

Jopkins had read somewhere that if a woman got hold of a newspaper with a clipping cut out of it, she would never rest until she had procured a complete paper and read the missing item. This struck Jopkins as a very shrewd and Machiavelian plan of exposing this well-known weakness of lovely woman, and he resolved to put it into practice.

So that night, when he went home from the office, there ostentatiously protruded from his coat pocket the day's paper, from which he had neatly cut a paragraph referring to the rings of Jupiter or some such matter.

He threw the paper to one side in a careless way, and after supper he noted with an unholy glee that Mrs. Jopkins had secured it, and was running her eye over the bargain ads, and working her way, after the manner of her sex, through the personals, marriage notices, and back to the telegraphic dispatches.

Presently Jopkins observed a sudden and suspicious frown overcast her face. She had come upon the hiatus made by the waggish penknife. Jopkins reveled with internal hilarity, but preserved an outward appearance of innocent unconsciousness.

"My dear," said Mrs. Jopkins, laying the paper gently aside, "I'm going to run over to Mrs. Hopkins' a minute. I won't be gone long."

She went over to the opposite neighbor's, and while she was gone Jopkins had lots of fun. She came back presently, and Jopkins noticed she carried another paper under her shawl. She went upstairs and Jopkins leaned back in his chair and shook all over with joy.

"Best joke I ever got off," he said to himself. "Won't she be sold when I tell her?"

Mrs. Jopkins remained upstairs about 20 minutes, and when she came down she had on her hat and street dress, and Jopkins felt his knees shake when he looked into her eye.

"Wh—where are you going?" he asked.

"Where am I going?" said his wife. "You want to know where I am going, you deceitful, disreputable, underhanded, depraved, villainous, brutal, wicked, unprincipled, scandalous, abandoned monster? I'm going home to my mother!"

"Wha—what's the matter?" said Jopkins.

"Look at that!" said Mrs. Jopkins, thrusting the paper in his face. "Cut it out to hide it from me, did you? To think that I should ever have married such a ruffian!"

Jopkins looked where her finger pointed and read:

"After the performance of 'The Devil's Auction' last night quite a recherche little supper was given to the leading lady actresses by a few of their admirers. A prominent merchant whose name we withhold is said to have cut up some rather high jinks on the occasion. We wonder if his estimable and charming wife knew of his whereabouts."

A cold shiver ran over Jopkins. He was innocent, but he had neglected to read the other side of the clipping when he cut it out. He began to explain, and the milkman says he was still at it when he called with his regular morning supply of chemicals..

As Mrs. Jopkins was seen a week later wearing an elegant new silk dress, to say nothing of "a dream of a bonnet," it is presumed that the matter was satisfactorily arranged.—Tit-Bits.

COOKING TONGUES.

Something That Every Housekeeper Does Not Know.

Every good housekeeper knows how to soak and boil a smoked beef tongue, but a great many cooks treat a fresh tongue in such a manner that it becomes as flavorless as gelatine.

Properly roasted or braised in stock, a fresh beef or calf's tongue is a delicious meat. It is not remarkable for its nutritious qualities, but, like the tenderloin of beef, the meat is of good flavor if it is carefully cooked and seasoned, and it is always of melting tenderness.

Select a fresh beef tongue for roasting. Wash and trim it thoroughly, and season it with salt and pepper. Wrap a paste around it made of a pint of flour and a cupful of water. Roll out this paste thin and wrap it around the tongue. Lay it on a meat rack in a dripping pan, with a pint of boiling water. Roast it for about two hours. Keep the surface of the paste from drying too hard or from burning by basting it with the boiling water in the bottom of the dripping pan. At the end of this time remove the paste. It is of no further value. Loosen the skin of the tongue and peel it off. It should come off easily. Lay it back in the pan, rub it freely with butter, dredge it lightly with flour, and pour a little rich brown stock in the pan under it to baste it with. Roast it, basting it often, until it is well browned. Take it up. Add mushrooms to the brown gravy in the dripping pan, thicken it and serve with the tongue. The mushrooms, of course, may be omitted, but they add a great deal to the flavor of the tongue. Spinach is a delicious vegetable to serve with roast tongue. Pickles and piquant sauces are always appropriate.—N. Y. Tribune.

Spice Cookies.

Cream a cupful of butter with two cupful of sugar. Stir into this the beaten yolks of three eggs; whip it well together and add a teaspoonful each of nutmeg and cloves. Beat in the whites of the eggs alternately with two cupfuls of flour sifted twice with an even teaspoonful of baking powder. The dough should be just stiff enough to roll out. Cut into cakes, sift granulated sugar mixed with a little cinnamon on top and bake in a quick oven.—Detroit Free Press.

—London's population increases by about 70,000 every year.

FOR POST-MORTEM USE.

Why a Mountaineer Would Not Sell His Crop of Walnuts.

As I pulled up out of the steepest part of the Cumberland mountain road and drove along the bench of the mountain with a beautiful view off down the valley I stopped a moment to gaze upon the loveliness of nature and to breathe in deep drafts of the invigorating mountain air.

At a turn into a little recessed vale under the crag stood a vine-clad cabin much better in appearance than any I had seen since crossing over to the Tennessee side of the mountain. About it was a thrifty little mountain farm, and on the woodpile in front sat a solemn specimen of the male mountaineer.

"Good morning," I said to this, "can you tell me where William Scraggs lives?"

"What do you want uv him, stranger?" he replied.

There was no use of contending a point on the ground that it was none of his business what I wanted with Mr. Scraggs, because I was sure to gain nothing by it, so I submitted.

"I understatnd he has some walnut trees for sale," I said.

"He hain't got any now."

"How do you know?" I asked in some surprise, for the usual mountaineer was not so communicative.

"Caze I'm William Scraggs, an' I reckon I ought to know what Bill's got."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," I hastened to explain. "Of course, I did not know who you were. They told me at Gray's Mill last night that you had a lot of walnut."

"Well, they wuz about half right, stranger, but since day before yistiddy things has changed. The Scraggs has had a scrimmage with the Hankins, and there's likely to be war fer the next six months or a year. Thar's about 46 men on our side to about 50 on tother side. But they air pore white trash livin' in hogpens, while we has places like this," sweeping his hand toward his house and farm, "and we air proud uv ourselves, and ain't goin' to get below the level that we air useter. That's why thar ain't no walnut trees fer sale. Every one uv them Hankins that we air goin' to do away with is goin' to his last rest in a yaller poplar box, but when a Scraggs has a funeral you'll see him goin' down to his last restin' place in a walnut coffin. That's what, and them trees uv mine furnish the timber. That's why they ain't fer sale, mister, jist at present."—Washington Star.

IT DIDN'T AFFECT BUSINESS.

None of the Druggist's Customers Could Read Japanese.

Chicagoans, as a rule, are not conversant with the Japanese alphabet. There are very few who could read a billet doux or comprehend an excoriation in that kind of characters. An incident which occurred recently illustrates this very well.

About six months ago a druggist on one of the prominent streets on the South side decided to adopt the reigning Japanese craze and have his store bambooed all over. He got a downtown firm of decorators at work. They were not long in giving every conceivable thing in the store a fishing-rod effect. Besides this, they put a few dragons on the ceiling and some Yum Yums above the soda water fountain, and finally, to complete a very ornate job, they placed on one side of the door frume on the outside of the building a Japanese scroll.

The store was the admiration of the proprietor and all his friends. He informed himself on Japanese lore and was able to explain everything pretty well except the inscription outside. It looked a good deal like a laundry ticket, but he assured his friends that, to be honest with them, he didn't think it meant anything, and was merely an idle creation of the man who did the work. After some time it passed out of his mind.

One day last week, however, a subject of the mikado, who is studying in Chicago, came into the store with a broad grin on his face.

"Do you mean," he asked, "what you say on the sign outside?"

The druggist explained that he didn't know exactly what it said.

"Well, then," said the Japanese, "I'll translate it for you. It reads: 'Our prices are the highest, and our goods all stale.'"

"You don't mean it," said the druggist.

"Yes," persisted the man who had enlightened him. For a moment he was going to be angry, but he finally seemed to think over the matter. At last he said: "Well, it's been up there six months, and it doesn't seem to hurt trade much. I guess we'll leave it alone."

How the decorator's helper got this sentence, or how many drug stores in Chicago he has plastered with the same unfavorable proclamation is still a mystery.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Beautiful Costume for a Bride.

The gown is of white satin—that beautiful cream white that you admired so much—and it is made with a full but plain skirt. The tulle veil, not worn over the face, is fastened to the high coiffure (the hair must always be arranged high when a veil is worn) under a cluster of orange blossoms. The long, pointed sleeves, prettily full at the shoulders, are finished with frills of real point lace, and a frill in harmony flares out at the back of the crush collar. The crush belt is laid in soft folds and does not show its fastening, which is at the side. You will be wise in having no orange blossoms on your gown. They would have to be removed immediately after the wedding.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Not as Tender as Her Heart.

Housewife—No, I haven't any angel cake in the house, but you can eat a piece of this apple pie that I have just made.

Tramp (dubiously)—Well, I don't know, ma'am. It looks a good deal like work.—Somerville Journal.

HUMOROUS.

—"I want to say this," shouted John Jingo, "as a state in the great galaxy of commonwealths Hawaii will simply be a jim dandy!" "You bet," echoed Hon. Rouser Down, "a regular Hono-lulu!"—Philadelphia North American.

—"Poor Robinson! There goes his funeral." "What, is Robinson dead?" "I imagine he is. Perhaps he is just riding around town in that hearse for the fun of the thing, however."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

—Customer—"You remember you sold me this coat yesterday? You said you would return the money if it wasn't satisfactory." Clothing Merchant—"But, my dear sir, it vos quvite satisfactory; I nefer had petter money as dot in all my life."—Puck.

—Doctor—"If you must know, ma'am, your husband won't live 24 hours longer." "Goodness gracious!" ejaculated the broken-hearted but economical woman, "and here you've gone and prescribed medicine enough for five days."—Tit-Bits.

—Young Lady—"You are a wonderful master of the piano, I hear." Prof. von Spieler (hired for the occasion)—"I blay aggompaniments zometimes." Young Lady—"Accompaniments to singing?" Prof. von Spieler—"Aggompaniments to gonversations."—Tit-Bits.

—American Boy—"Papa, what's an absolute monarchy?" Papa—"A country ruled by a king whose authority is unlimited. His word is law, and the people must do his bidding. Do you understand?" American Boy—"Oh, yes; a sort of political boss."—N. Y. Weekly.

—"Bobson is certainly daft about that new baby of his." "What has he done?" "Why, we were all talking about the tariff at the office last Saturday, but Bobson only made one remark." "What did he say?" "He wanted to know if they had raised the duty on catnip tea."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BOLIVIA'S RUBBER TREE LAW.

It Has Forty-Two Provisions Warranted to Confuse Any Prospector.

The law regulating the control of rubber trees in the republic of Bolivia was promulgated a year and a half ago, and consists of 24 articles warranted to perplex and confuse the most astute citizen of North, South, or Central America. Article I. declares that all rubber trees which may grow in forests or unclaimed land are the property of the government. The right to explore the public forests for rubber trees is limited, by article II., to all natives or foreigners. No previous license is required, and such explorations "may be made by any number of persons at the same time." A person residing for five years in a community in Bolivia is considered the proprietor of the land, provided "the area of the land does not exceed 75 hectares." All persons or companies to whom exploration privileges are granted shall pay 15 bolivianos for each estrada, and the payments are to be made on installments "of one boliviano a year." At the expiration of that period (presumably the period of a year) "the grantees have absolute right to the ownership of the land without taxation, and also the right to 25 hectares for every hundred estradas which they had previously received." To enjoy this right the granted must prove that he has paid all installments, but those who, "either by donation, purchase, permium, or by contract with the government, acquire possession of public lands," are obliged, under article XI., to pay 7.50 bolivianos for the rubber trees standing on the land.

A petitioner for such grants must appear before the national delegates in "the regions in which they exercise their jurisdiction." He must state his name, domicile and profession, title which he intends to give to the portion of the forest land claimed, the area and boundaries of it and "the names of his nearest neighbors." The petitioner is also to present a map of the ground. The notary of the treasury, as the recording officer is called in Bolivia, files the application and directs the publication of the petition in the newspapers of the neighborhood three times consecutively every 20 days. At the end of 60 days the petitioner, if unopposed by his neighbors and others, gets a decree to the land, provided the verification of the territory is witnessed and approved by two experts, one appointed by the petitioner and the other appointed by government. The fees and traveling expenses of the experts, their sustenance and entertainment are paid for by the petitioner. When all these formalities are attended to, the petitioner, under article XXII., must immediately take possession and go to work, for if three months elapse before he does so (unless through some impediment or insuperable obstacle) he shall forfeit all claims and rights which he has secured. He must also stipulate as a condition of occupancy to permit the free introduction of groceries into the community where he resides—groceries, with the exception of liquors. The fine for violation of this provision is from 50 to 200 bolivianos, and, altogether, it would seem a good deal as if the prospector for rubber trees in Bolivia should be well supplied with bolivianos to meet the various contingencies arising under the laws of that South American republic as enforced by the local officials.—N. Y. Sun.

A Common Paradox.

Little Elmer—Pa, my teacher told me to write an example of a paradox, and I can't think of one. Will you help me?

Prof. Broadhead—You might say that, although Mr. Tubman, who is trying to reduce his flesh by bicycling, is continually falling off, he does not seem to be growing any thinner.—Judge.

One Question Brings Up Another.

Benny Bloodbumper—Papa, what's a manatee?

Mr. Bloodbumper—A manatee is a sea cow, Benny.

"Papa."

"Well?"

"Does a sea cow give salt milk?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.